



*An Acrostick on King CHARLES.*

**C** H A R L E S, By the Grace of God, enjoy Thine Own,  
**H** ave mercy on us, and possess Thy Throne:  
**A** nd pity those Poor Souls that have transgress;  
**R** ich mercies often rests in Princes blest.  
**L** ove then Thy Subjects, which all times will be,  
**E** ver Obedient, Loyal unto Thee;  
**S** o likewise surely their Posterity.

**S** T U A R T Thou art, Three Kingdoms in Thy Trust;  
**T** hen Rule them wisely, be Upright and Just.  
**V** arieties of Governments they've had:  
**A** las, alas, it made the people mad!  
**R** estore them to their former Liberty,  
**T** hat they may Praises sing to God on high.

**K** ings are but Mortals here like other Men,  
**I** n time They die, and here They cease to Reign.  
**N** o glorying then in Honor and Renown:  
**G** reat Prince lay hold of an Eternal Crown.

**A** men, say I, and so my Prayers shall be,  
**M** ost humbly unto God, with bended knee,  
**E** ver to send Thy Kingdoms Peace and Grace;  
**N** ever to want one of Thy Blood and Race.

This from Your humble Servant, by consent  
Of all true Hearts that sit in Parliament;  
The which to You will such a welcome bring,  
The Fires shall burn, and all the Bells shall ring.  
We cry, *Vive le Roy*, God bless our King.